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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LI. CHICAGO, JULY 23, 1903. NUMBER 20

MY LIFE.

My life is like a stroll upon the beach,
As near the ocean's edge as I can go;
My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'erreach,
Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.

My sole employment is, and scrupulous care,
To place my gains beyond the reach of tides,
Each smoother pebble, and each shell more rare,
Which Ocean kindly to my hand confides.

I have but few companions on the shore;
They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea;
Yet oft I think the ocean they've sailed o'er
Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view;
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew.

Henry David Thoreau,
in "The Poets of Transcendentalism."

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UNITY

VOLUME LI. THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1903. NUMBER 20

The *Church Economist* for July says: "There has never been so much talk in America about possible union or affiliation of various protestant denominations as during the past two years." It further says that "the doctrinal differences that seemed so large ten years ago have ceased to be important."

The citizens of Illinois are rejoicing in a new child-labor law which has recently come into effect. The child industries are, for the time being, much demoralized, and the capitalists who have invested their money in these industries are busy trying to find out how to evade the law or to break it down. The friends of the children have accomplished something in the passage of this law; they will have accomplished much more when they make it effective. But it is a long way from prohibiting labor to a love of education and a passion for schools.

"The go-to-church band" is the name of a recent organization in church circles. As the name indicates, it is an attempt to encourage regularity of church attendance and to widen the circle of those who seek the ministrations of the church. Perhaps this is not the way to do it, but certainly it is time that many sensible people with excellent intentions should examine their own souls. The church is either a perfunctory deference to obsolete helps (in which case men and women should cease to support it and learn to do without it in times of distress as well as of joy), or else it is still charged with high possibilities and should receive the respect and support, personal and financial, which it deserves.

The mosquito is again the subject of scientific investigation in the laboratory and of a more practical antagonism at the "summer resort." Unfortunately the mosquito is in evidence wherever there is water and out-of-doors. This little singer is at home from Cuba to Alaska, and people who seek the country are compelled to take the mosquito along with it. Last year the hope of the undisciplined and the thin-skinned was in kerosene. This year there is a promise of a parasitic worm that will destroy this uncomfortable link in the biological chain. But probably our highest hope lies in defensive rather than in offensive warfare. Mosquito bar and wire netting are effective, and some day the harmless unguent will be discovered which when applied to the exposed surface of the human body will prove distasteful to the mosquito and not disagreeable to humankind.

A correspondent writes: "I certainly wish something might be done to reduce the world's machinery. I have counted this morning the various 'things' I am interested in and am asked to help support, and find there are twenty of them, to say nothing of personal obligations, needs of individuals, etc., etc. This enumeration has counted out all the crank causes and includes only those causes, religious and educational, that I have deeply at heart." This correspondent expresses the perplexity and the promise of this age; but we suspect the rule generally adopted is scarcely the wise one, which seems to be because I cannot help everything, I must begin with those "nearest at home." Those "nearest at home" claims, unless closely guarded, make persistent the sectarianism, in partisanship, the debilitating, or, at best, frivolous clubs and cliques in the religious and social world, It makes for clannishness and justifies in his own mind the millionaire, who turns a deaf ear to the outside world because he must "provide for his own." Cosmopolitanism is greater than patriotism, and a movement that seeks to ameliorate sectarianism, that looks in the long run towards obliterating denominational lines in the interest of the things held in common, cannot be classed along with the near loyalty that perpetuates the sect. The many sided man does hear and heed the appeal of many causes. When discrimination must be made, prophecy presents, sometimes, at least, the newest and not the oldest, the largest and not the nearest cause. In the history of the world the neglected claims in religion and morals have proved themselves to be the imperative ones in their own day and generation.

The "Correspondence Between Ralph Waldo Emerson and Herman Grimm," edited by Frederick W. Hollis, "Remembrances of Emerson," by John Albee, revised and enlarged edition, and the centennial edition of Emerson's own writing, edited by his son, Edward Emerson, now well under way, represent the unquestioned permanent contributions to the Emerson literature brought forth in his centennial year. To this may well be added the attractive volume edited by George Willis Cooke, entitled "The Poets of Transcendentalism." This is the latest of the anthologies and represents forty-two different writers, beginning with Ralph Waldo Emerson and ending with Frederick Lucien Hosmer. Five numbers represent the former and two the latter. Between these two we find many familiar names, a few that are already half forgotten, but all of them singers whose notes were detected and appreciated by those who were happy enough to live in the inspirations of the Transcendental circle, or later singers who have entered into this high inheritance: Margaret Fuller, John S. Dwight, Ellen Hooper, Jones Very, Sidney Henry Morse, D. A. Watson, Julia Ward Howe, John Albee, and the rest of them. Mr. Cooke has been guided in his selection, we suspect, by an inward rather than an outward test, although the *Dial*, that

unsuccessful triumph to which Margaret Fuller and Ralph Waldo Emerson were editorial nurses, must have furnished much winnowed wheat already to hand. Everything that Mr. Cooke does is marked with painstaking diligence, and this volume, with its suggestive introduction and convenient indices, is a book for the thoughtful, very much to the hand of the preacher who believes that all scriptures given by inspiration are profitable. This book suggests sermons and asks for pulpit recognition. Here we are able to place again what Mr. Cooke well calls "one of the finest lines in the language:"

"If my bark sink, it's to another sea."

The Religious Education Association.

The appearance of the proceedings of the first annual convention of the above named body, which was held in Chicago, February last, is a sufficient excuse for another editorial word.

First, about the volume itself. It is a handsome volume of over four hundred pages, nearly three hundred of which are given to the addresses, essays, speeches and prayers, which are reported in full. The remaining one hundred or more pages are given to an official exhibit of the work done, the constitution of the Association and the present enrollment of membership. The book is sumptuously printed, with handsome type and good paper, betokening an affluent treasury.

The material is worthy the form, as our readers will readily believe if they recall the published program. It is safe to say that never before in the history of the United States were there so many academic men of note gathered together in the interest of religious education; or, to speak concretely, of Sunday-school work. Every prominent university and educational institution in the land seems to have been represented, oftentimes by the president. This is the case in regard to the Michigan University, the Wesleyan University, the Rochester University, the University of Chicago and doubtless others. The names of Professors Dewey, King, Willett, McKenzie, Halsey, Shailer Matthews, Terry, Gilbert and Sanders indicate the academic quality of the gathering; and the Reverends Moxom, Gunsaulus, Beaton and Horton indicate the clerical standards achieved. The topics discussed were worthy the ability that grappled with them:—Religious education in its relation to general education; to the public schools; to the advanced student of the Bible, etc., etc.

All this makes the book a valuable one in the hands of the minister and Sunday-school superintendent, of any and all denominations. It is a small encyclopedia of current thought on this subject, and no worker can afford to do without this volume, which we suppose can be obtained, while the edition lasts, by remitting the one-dollar enrollment fee accompanied with the two-dollar annual fee. The address of the executive office of the Association is 155 La Salle street, Chicago.

But our interest in this convention is deeper than our interest in this, its first volume of Proceedings. If this Association can make executive its learnings and heroic and aggressive its convictions, it is easily the most potential religious organization in the country, the most prophetic "forward movement" in religion yet realized in this country.

Indeed its great potentiality is the depressing thing. We are afraid that these professors and ministers have hardly taken the movement as seriously as we do in this writing. We can hardly dare hope that they will be willing to follow up these high sayings with the heroic purpose of converting them into reforms, not only in the methods but in the matter of Sunday school instruction.

Like everything that emanates from the neighborhood or under the influence of the University of Chicago, the organization is highly elaborated. It starts out with the maximum of machinery. Its outfit of committees and officers is abundant. We shall await the outcome of this organization with great interest. It is already announced through the press that the next meeting is to be held in Washington, but we hope it is an inaccuracy of journalism which says that the membership of the next session is to be confined to those of "evangelical views." Indeed there is a contradiction on the face of it, for a movement of scholars would not start out with such an academic blunder as to use a word of so doubtful a meaning as this to represent either its purposes or its constituents. The personnel, the subject matter and the perfected organization of the last meeting give no warrant to the newspaper assumption that the next meeting will undertake to discover a line where no line exists. If the students of religious history and thought are prepared to prove anything they are prepared to prove that the old distinction between "orthodoxy" and "heterodoxy," between liberal and evangelical in the religious thought and life of America is a thing of the past. No student of the higher criticism or of religious philosophy discovers any such vital line separating these students. About the same thing is being taught concerning the books of the Bible, the religious history of the race, and the spiritual nature of man, in Cambridge and Yale, in the Union Theological Seminary of New York and the Union Park Theological Seminary of Chicago in the theological department of the University of Chicago and at Evanston, though these schools wear respectively the Unitarian, Congregational, Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist labels.

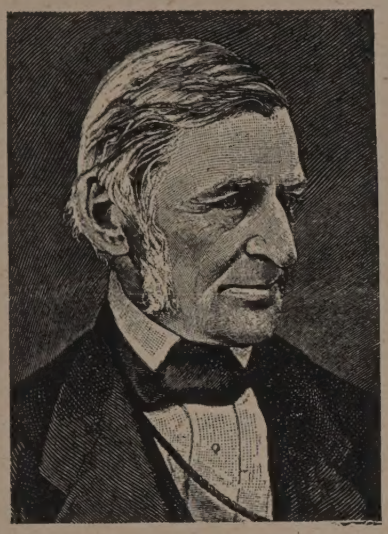
"The Religious Education Association" has a great opportunity and UNITY persists in expecting large realizations. We take the Association at its word and hope for high and brave things in this direction.

The sad memories which death brings are a part of our education. Under the influence of an absent soul the heart softens, and man goes forth each day more of a friend to his race, and more of a worshiper of his God. Sorrow must ennoble duty, not end it. The death of a friend exalts those who remain to weep.—DAVID SWING.

1803 MAY TWENTY-FIFTH 1903

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A CENTENNIAL APPRECIATION.



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VIII.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

How make my verse so simple and sincere
That it shall merit nothing now and here
Of accusation? Who may sing of one
So simple and sincere as Emerson,
Without reproach or fear?

We who New England love because we drew
From her our life, from her the blood and thew
Whereby we seek and yearn and strive and dare—
Grave, noble mother, dear beyond compare,
We bring thee offerings due.

For he of thy pure elements was made,
Thy winds and waters in his pulses played,
Thy rocks and hills to him their vigor gave,
Its briny tang thy shore-consuming wave,
Its calm when winds are laid.

As in his blood thy genius worked amain,
So in his spirit, for more precious gain,
New England souls, great mothers and good sires,
Guarding Religion's deathless altar-fires
With holy fear and pain.

Nor these alone, but all the centuries down
Aiders and friends of high fulfilled renown—
Shakespeare, revolving his majestic sphere;
Herald Plutarch, sounding lofty cheer;
Plato, of all most dear.

Nor less to him than voices of the sages,
From the deep bosom of the solemn ages,
Were things whose clear and penetrating ray
In the strait confines of the common day
The quiet heart engages.

Nothing to him was common or unclean,
Nothing, so God had made it, poor or mean;
The sheet let down from heaven held for him
No stock or stone without some presence dim
Of the one God, unseen.

With smiling eyes he looked, and saw unrolled
(As 'twere an endless scroll) the manifold
Of space and time; and what he saw and heard
He sang like some full-throated, joyous bird,
And all the wonder told.

He saw the manifold, but through it all
He felt the mighty everlasting thrall
Of the one Power and Love which shapes and warms
The many-millioned world of beauteous forms
By Igdrasil let fall.

God is, not was! Thus, in a faithless time,
Clearly he uttered his own faith sublime,
Each sending back to that eternal fount
Which in each private heart doth ever mount
As in th' Judean prime.

And still o'er all, alike for God and man,
And wide as Nature's sempiternal plan,
For him the Ought its awful mandate sped,
Made thrill with life the kingdoms of the dead,
One Law since worlds began.

That to obey, he taught, is life indeed,
And whoso gives to that his utmost heed,
Him naught above nor from beneath can harm;
No heaven can bribe him, and no hell alarm
This man, this thinking reed.

Great spirit, purge our eyes that we may see
How in these times we best may honor thee,
Lest with our lips we idly praise thy name,
While still our lives are full of blame and shame,
Our hearts still far from thee.

Help hate whate'er by thee was hated most,
The lust of things, the rich man's sensual boast,
The search 'mid signs and wonders for the God
Whose splendor shineth everywhere abroad,
And beacons every coast.

Help us to love what to thy heart was dear—
Each season's part in the whole bounteous year,
The simple life, the spirit, first and last,
To its own native center holding fast
With heart of dauntless cheer.

If to such things we can, O friend, attain,
If so each one with his own scepter reign
O'er his own life, not thankless shall we prove
For thy great ministry of thought and love,
Nor live, nor die, in vain.

—*John White Chadwick.*

*A poem read in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, N. Y., at a celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Emerson's birth.

A Tribute.

A MEMORY OF EMERSON

"May I write something about Emerson for UNITY?"

Just as this petition, yet unpenned, flitted through my mind, my eyes rested upon the pictured semblance of that serene face, and the lips seemed to answer, "You may! The spontaneous gift is to my liking."

But a question seems to come back to me, not from Emerson, as a rebuke to seeming pretentiousness—"Did *you* then know him?" According to his own definitions, I did know him, or, rather, I am knowing him; for only yesterday I placed the fourth mark opposite a passage read many times before, which brought to me at the last reading a new revelation, a present needed uplift, and seemed to me newly written at that moment for my especial benefit.

"So," said the great poet-prophet, "does the soul claim its own," and its thoughts shall become my thoughts.

Not one other of all great preachers so appeals to the woman-soul, through the most delicate tracings of finest imaginative flights, through sturdiest practical experience, through great loves and great hopes, through great fears and great sorrows, as does this soul genius through its multiform word expressions.

"No matter how high the head be in the air, the feet must be always on the ground." So unlike many highly imaginative thinkers he wedded the two elements and over and over brought the test, that "only the ideal is practical, that only the practical in the highest sense is ideal, and both are transcendent."

So true, again, was he to the exalted mission of the soul as a message bearer, the degree of culture, experience, time, place, circumstance creating the message,

that he had but to listen for it, and it was apt for any time or occasion.

It came in the same indefinable way as the supposed absent friend "walking behind one as he thinks of him and turns around," "the artist picturing the face of the one he loves—is to love upon the canvas, having never seen it," the mother, in the divine surrender of her mission, receiving into her loving consciousness the features of her coming child.

Thus in the divine surrender of his mission, he listened and was and is, and will be, the Oracle to questioning souls.

But this very aimless method, truest and highest, makes it an absolute necessity, an imperative duty, to read Emerson through, in order to be able to glean to any satisfactory degree all that is in any one essay, lecture, or production of any kind. Each embraces a circuit, a sphere, an all-soul of expression, and usually touches the chosen subject but once or twice more definitely or specially than many others which bear upon it or radiate from it and are found in the circuit. This very inability to be "pinned down" to a subject or "stick to a text" in the ordinary sense is evidence at its highest of the Poet and Seer.

Very few selections from any one production, with some exceptions, can be made which indicate unmistakably the subject and as many selections pertaining to this subject may be made from the treatment of almost every other where they modify the one in hand.

To find and group these affinities as principals or modifiers in the all sided lessons which he learned so well and transmitted so faithfully, seems to me the only large true way of reading Emerson, of taking into one's life the messages of this great soul.

Ralph Waldo Emerson became a verity in my consciousness when I was a High School girl of about sixteen years. A course of lectures delivered in a Wisconsin town, not far from Chicago, included his. The subject announced, "Manners," led me, at least, through a well remembered mental experience.

Through one of those coincidences which are not rare, this word had been for some time rung in the ears of the young people in its accepted sense, which transferred itself to my mind. Because it was ten miles to get to the lecture, I was there early and had a front seat. Reasoning from the subject, I expected to hear a quick step when the lecturer approached, to see a handsome, finely dressed man, something of the dancing master order, trip up to the platform and with graceful motion and ready speech, instruct us in "Manners." It seemed probable that some expert performances might illustrate the lesson. The shock to expectation may be imagined, but it only made more lasting the impression of that lecture, which has seemed like a friend, strangely found, each time I have read it. One of the boys, with true High School appreciation, said: "Ralph Waldo Emerson ought to go to our school a little while and learn how to *declaim.*"

The compensation for my own self-depreciation came when as one of the representatives of the school I was introduced to him and had the privilege of placing my hand in his and looking up into his kindly eyes.

The first part of this experience led me to feel so much sympathy as to prohibit even a smile for a lady who, not so very long ago, upon reading the title, "Conduct of Life," upon a volume of Emerson, said: "That is just the book I want for my children. They don't know how to behave when company comes, and one of them, seems to me, never will learn how to use his fork."

A second time I heard Emerson in Chicago, and the third and last hearing was in an Eastern city. Every incident of this time was so indelibly impressed upon my mind that even now it is a pleasant reality.

Since first being roused to the full meaning of a somewhat meaningless word. I had tried to climb far enough, so that in anticipation I felt that if I might not be able to grasp the farthest thought to be unfolded in "Homes and How to Make Them," I might at least claim distant kinship with it, for ten years had been allowed for reading and study since the first lecture.

I was early and near the front. After some waiting Emerson came. He rose to begin this lecture, and examined the manuscript before him. A quizzical look was followed by one of serene resignation, then he quietly remarked: *"Ellen put up the wrong lecture."*

Facing a large audience of a popular lecture course, with the wrong lecture before him, many of the leaves seemingly misplaced, without a word of apology, he went at it.

I thought of that "equipoise" and "counterpoise" of which he had written, and wondered if they would carry him through.

Of course, the lecture being his, he could read anywhere and it would be in the right place to many. But the disquiet became too great—the few who would have been enriched with a single page could not keep the line up, and Emerson, with that kindly look of his spread out over the audience, with perfect composure, said, "I think I will stop here," and prepared to leave the platform. It was a complete victory over circumstance.

As the expert reader, the "good reader who must be an inventor," as Emerson says, is able to "look" through a book as thoroughly, in as many minutes, as the ungrown in as many days—so one who has read and re-read Emerson through, who has lived and re-lived to some extent his thoughts, will see in his works the complete unity, not only of his life, but of *life.*

I would liken his compositions, from first to last, each to a landscape garden, with varied geological structures below, and all the heaven above. The flimsiest, whitest tuft of Cumuli in the farthest sky, is as real as the most solid rock imbedded in the earth, just as the highest moral sentiment is as natural as the commonest animal impulse—the silent voice of self-imposed duty as imperative a command to action as a bugle blast or parchment of civil law—the swiftest prophetic vision, companion to the nearest service.

In each garden is one central growth modified by its relations with all the others. This is Emerson's subject, changed with its modifying relations from time to time.

But few growths of the same kind are found in any one garden and these in different positions in the different gardens. The expert eye looking over collection after collection will send to the consciousness such messages as these: "Here are more violets!" "Another bunch of roses." "A sensitive plant." "An oak." "A bird's warble." "The music of water." "The glinting of a sunset cloud." "Another version of a moral code of action." "Another lesson in economics." "Another note in a child's song—a mother's devotion—a lover's ecstasy—a friend's faith"—and over all and in all the commanding presence of hope, of *assurance,* making God ever near—making nature—the soul—God—one. We have, in all the lines of imagination, thought creation, life, aggregations, en masse sufficient, metaphorically speaking, to fill the separate departments of conservatories, museums, picture galleries, libraries, and to people a world. Going over the same again from whatever direction, each part is perfected and each augmented.

The "creative" reader never tires in the search, but

only marvels more and more, at the making and almost endless duplicating of so great a Unity.

So it seems to me if more of Emerson's own method in writing were adopted in the reading, making even laborious effort a pleasure, it would be an advantage. His *thoroughness*, seldom called so, "aiming not to *drill* but to *create*," according to which he said colleges could only highly serve us, is the thoroughness needed in the reader.

We have learned that children can be only highly and discover, shall the Emerson reader be led to be the "creative" reader and receive as compensation the divine touch of self inspiration.

With all deference to the literary great men, his contemporaries—to his line of ancestry, for from such lines most of our heretics have come,—to the renowned institution of learning which honored him by inviting him to deliver an address and called him crazy on account of it, and then, witnessing the greatness of soul with which he bore his seeming defeat, and his humiliation, taking them as a "part of the lesson," and how he went on, learning and reciting from the same high text in less than thirty years invited him to honor *it* by repeating the ideas if not the words of the former address—with deference to all these, I believe that the truest, most appreciative interpreters of Emerson, Philosopher, Poet, Prophet, Teacher, will be *women*.

They will be women who in the travail of their souls have recognized his rescuing aid; who, in the fierce struggle to make the actual and ideal one, have seen his signal, even though it were a finger pointing to a single bit of sky through a single kitchen window, or a beckoning invitation to the "gods" to be present at a meal.

They will be women, who in the abnegations of love and sanctities of home, have been assured that there are no narrow confines, no limits save as they are self-made—that the riches of self-resource are the only wealth that makes resourceful everything besides.

So, I believe, large classes of readers will be led, according to the methods of nature and of spirit which were his in giving, into receiving his complete "Literature of Life," aided not so much by men as by "mothers of men."

My little tribute is done, and now, if turning my eyes again toward the pictured face, with the question in them, "Shall I send it," I read a benignant assent, in the name of UNITY called Emerson, I will do so.

FRANCES A. B. DUNNING

The Congress Of Religion.

"And thus to each the promise came
Diversified, but still the same."

Viewed from a broad standpoint, "The Congress of Religion" was as a mighty beacon-light which flashed across the spiritual horizon, bringing with it a message of brotherly love and mutual helpfulness. —its purpose being to promote feeling of friendship, good-will and a loving reverence for the rights and views of others, regardless of condition, creed or clime. Just as one's bodily food varies according to desire or appetite, so the different creeds are only so many pathways leading to the summit of the higher life.

The world grows more humane, in proportion, as "The Religion of Truth," becomes life-giving and all-embracing. It is indisputable, that all strive for happiness, vital mystery though it be—and depending so entirely upon the inner self.

There is a mystic joyfulness in the growth of the higher life and if this one thought alone could be perpetuated, the glory and significance of stars would fade in comparison.

It is the awakening of the real being and of the conscious relation to things about us.

Inasmuch as this is realized, in so far has the divine mystery been solved.

"The grass, the flint, the flower, is one
With our own substance, we who are
The little brothers to the star,
That through the outer universe
On mighty lines, rolls free and far."

DORA SWOBODA.

Louisville, Ky.

THE PULPIT.

The Mission Of The Church in Other Days.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE FIFTY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

BY REV. NEWTON M. MANN

The Church has not always been the same thing; it has not always had the same ideas, the same organization; consequently it has not always been animated by the same purposes. I am asked to inquire what its purposes were in other days, as a preliminary to the more practical consideration of the Mission of the Church in our own time.

The church formed by the personal ministry of Jesus, if we are to call by that name the loose aggregation of his followers, was nothing more than a sect of liberal Jews intent on a reformation of the Jewish faith and practice, committed by the example and teaching of the Master to the doing of the utmost possible good with the knowledge and means at command. The picture of that brotherhood, while very indistinct, has retained through the centuries a peculiar idyllic charm, been proclaimed the ideal benevolent fraternity, little as subsequent Christian organizations have been disposed to copy it. Its special attractiveness, however, really lies only in the unique distinction of its leader, whose passion for human service was apparently not at once communicated in any marked degree to his disciples. Some betterment they did receive, no doubt; in a few the generous impulses were awakened which in after years rose to a sublime devotion, but for the brief period of the Master's ministry it was his life and his spirit which chiefly gave character to the movement. His mission was the mission of the church, as he conceived it; and what was that? What was the work he set himself to do?

To answer this question as best we may we must turn to such records of his life as we have. We are told as the briefest summary of his career, that "he went about doing good." This "good" consisted, it seems, in his own estimation largely in the generous exercise of certain remarkable powers over disease which he possessed, if we may credit the reply he is said to have made to the disciples of John who came to ascertain if he was really the Messiah. He specifically called their attention to his works of healing, adding this statement only: "the poor have good tidings preached to them," and adding it, apparently, as an incidental rather than as a main feature, leaving the impression that he was first of all a healer. This is a statement of the mission of the Christ which when recurred to by leaders of the church in subsequent centuries must have given them pause. The picture is one which we ourselves have not been accustomed to regard with special admiration. The gospel stories of healing had about them not long since an air of incredibility. In a manner the situation at present is changed. On the strength of what we hear, and what is abundantly certified to, we may perhaps reverse the argument once used in favor of modern marvels, and say for the credibility of the cures reported in the gospels:

What is done now may well have been done then. But we must not lay too much stress on the communication sent to John, supported though it be by much else in the gospels. From other of the Master's utterances we may infer that the works of healing, whatever they were, were not his main business; that his purpose was much larger; that his chief concern as he looked about him was the removal of "the inward, deep disease," the cure of souls. As accessory to this it is best to say he gave himself to the work of bettering, according to the light of the time, the earthly condition of his people, correcting their morals, alleviating their physical ills, speaking words of hope and cheer. He talked of a future heaven, but only incidentally, his main idea of heaven being its realization in his kingdom on earth. Too short the period of his labors for the accomplishment of any very marked results in this direction; but his motive and his mission are not left in doubt.

The Pauline transformation of the gospel, laying at its foundation the doctrine of a propitiatory sacrifice in the death of Christ, and proclaiming salvation by faith in the efficacy of that atonement—ideas wholly foreign to the thought of Jesus—early produced a decidedly modified conception of the mission of Jesus and of the church. The lugubrious picture began to loom up of a world fallen in the sin of Adam, the successive generations under doom of perdition for no fault of their own,—a state of things which made it the first business of the church to get these facts before all the nations and tribes of men as soon as possible, along with the offer of salvation through faith in Christ. Hence the birth of the missionary spirit, and a much stronger emphasis on preaching, and preaching of a doctrinal cast, such as is set forth in the epistles of Paul—preaching which in the main contrasts strongly with the reported utterances of Jesus. While in the churches established by Paul the poor of their own number appear to have been carefully looked after, there was none of the indiscriminate charity of Jesus, giving to whosoever—of his own nationality at least—asked of him, going about seeking out the most wretched objects on which to bestow his care. Paul's charity, noble as it was, contented itself with "distributing to the necessities of the saints." The era of organization restricted the field of beneficence. Also the doctrine of salvation by faith threw the labors for present human weal, to which Jesus had been so devoted, somewhat in the background as at best of only secondary importance.

The next great modification of the gospel, known as the Johannine transformation, had doubtless its effect upon the practical work of the church, just what we may not so confidently say. The first inference would be that the sweet tenderness of the Fourth Gospel, which has been called the "heart of Christ," would tend to prompt the most active benevolence, that readers of it would be led into all avenues of helpful human service; but observation of the fruits of mysticism hardly bear out such a supposition. The dreamers are not often the workers in this world. True, the author of this gospel did much to remedy the dry legalism with which Paul had encumbered Christian thought; he received a conception of the Master, whom he made a veritable living presence with his people, a sublime, almost deific figure to be revered and venerated, to dwell in the minds of Christians through the ages; but this figure is not the Jesus of whom we are told in the previous records, a man among men, sorrowing and rejoicing with them; he is a superhuman being, the Logos who was in the beginning with God, and who, in some mystical sense, was God. What he did, therefore, was of an unapproachable excellence, to be copied only afar off. He was an ideal to be adored and struggled after, but not to be attained.

Still, under the influence of these masterful spirits, the church of the first two centuries took a creditable stand in the world, was characterized by a strong devotion to the principles taught, shrinking not from any sacrifice for them. The brotherhood was particularly noted for its joyousness, for the mutual affection of its members, and for the general purity of their lives. They demonstrated the strength of their faith by their readiness to endure persecution, meeting terrible death with songs upon thir lips. The high purpose of the Master to live a life of service, to do the utmost possible good in the world, though in a measure obscured by the new doctrines, still shone out, and won for the fellowship the good esteem of right-minded followers.

Christianity by the end of the second century was well launched on its career as a world-religion, was face to face with the philosophy of Greece and Rome, also with the various venerable orders of worship then in vogue; a situation that inevitably induced another great transformation, and this time both of the creed and the cult. The church so far had been free from any rigor in these matters, but the taste of converts from Paganism called for a more elaborate ritual which should perpetuate under the Christian name certain of the more impressive ceremonies of the old orders of worship. In the great seats of learning the leaders of the church as they rose into prominence were in the full focus of philosophic thought; and, just as of late Orthodoxy has found it expedient to coquette with the doctrine of evolution, the Alexandrian Fathers were constrained, in order to make the gospel acceptable to the informed and dominant class, to mix with it something of the *Wissenschaft*, the "wisdom of this world" which Paul had despised. From this infusion of Greek philosophy with the already modified gospel as a foundation, sprang ultimately a dogmatic system which made Christianity a Belief, whereas before it had been a Life; with the result that the test of discipleship became less and less ethical, more and more doctrinal. Here was a wide departure from Jesus' test—"whosoever doeth the will of God." It was apparently inevitable, but it entailed results the most pernicious, from which to this day the church has by no means recovered. I refer not to the doctrine of the Trinity or to any or all false doctrines which in those early centuries were saddled upon the church, but to the idea that Christianity is a dogma of any sort, Trinitarian or Unitarian, Jewish, Platonic or Stoic, that it is primarily a Belief to be established rather than a Life to be lived. This shifting of basis was gradual, keeping even pace with the growth of the ritual, and was completely accomplished only at a later date. The first effect of mixing Greek philosophy with Christianity was broadening and liberalizing; it gave Origen a point of view from which he was able to pass upon the value of different portions of the Bible with about the freedom of the modern critic; it lifted Christianity into recognition in the more cultivated circles of the empire; and a long time elapsed before the growth of dogma attained such proportions as to seriously impair the moral influence of the church.

What it unmistakably did do, however, was to emphasize the importance of uniformity of opinion, and of holding the particular opinions of those in authority. The creed came into being, and was insisted on from the age of Constantine with increasing rigor down to recent times. Here we are at the ugliest feature of Christian history—the persecution of honest souls for their inability either to accept or hypocritically pretend to accept the orthodox view. The tremendous struggle of the Church with heresy, the extreme and frightful measures resorted to for its extermination, have at times made it appear that the most serious, the most essential work of Christians was to

pursue, torture and kill in the most brutal manner every person guilty of holding an opinion not approved by Holy Church. But these horrors have been often enough dwelt upon. All that can be said in extenuation is that the abominations belonged to the time; that belief in the guilt of error was universal; and that the administration of civil law was on the same inquisitorial basis.

When all deductions are made on the score of fanaticism, of intolerance, of vandalism—blots which sometimes marked the progress of Christianity in the ancient world—the changes for the better it really effected in Roman society as it spread itself through the empire, the purification of morals, the refinement of manners and customs, the humanizing of law, were notable. Despite all transformations in the gospel, enough of the spirit of the Master remained in those who took his name to make the new sect the one renovating and redeeming power in a civilization smitten with decay. The moral corruption of the empire at the time Christian missionaries set about the conquest of it was beyond description, and it seems not to have been in the nature of Paganism or in the power of philosophy, nobly taught and exemplified as it was, to provide a remedy. No one sympathizes more ardently than do I with the effort of recent thinkers to get into an understanding with the old pagan faiths and trace out their points of agreement with our own faith, so coming to universal yearnings and strivings for an uncomprehended good; but I cannot allow this sympathy to blind me to the immense inferiority of the old Roman religion, its hopeless incapacity to develop and strengthen the moral nature. Its failure in this regard was conspicuous, worse than we are wont to suppose. As has been said by one who has looked intently on this side and who speaks "by the book":

"It is not easy to call up as a reality the intending sinner addressing to the deified vice which he contemplates a prayer for the success of his design; the adulteress imploring of Venus the favors of her paramour; the harlot praying for an increase of her sinful gains; the pander begging the protection of the goddess on her shameful trade; the thief praying for aid in his enterprises, or offering up the first fruits of his plunder; youths entreating Hercules to expedite the death of a rich uncle. And yet these things and far worse than these meet us over and over again in every writer who has left a picture of Roman manners in the later republic and under the beginning of the empire."

The rise of Christianity to a controlling influence made such attitudes of mind impossible. Introducing for worship a God who is himself pure, the worshipers were barred from soliciting his blessing on impurity; furthermore, the church exerted itself for a higher morality and for the general amelioration of society. Here are a few of the things it accomplished in the fourth century through its influence with the government: When after nineteen years of civil war in the reign of Constantine great numbers of orphan children were left without support or protection, the bishop Lactantius induced the emperor by proclamation to assume the care of all those helpless children, making their maintenance a charge upon the imperial treasury. At the same time a stop was put to the sale of children under severe penalties. The time for the abolition of slavery was yet more than a thousand years off, but Christians made slavery a more tolerable thing in the Roman Empire in the fourth century than it was in America in the nineteenth. Social vices were repressed with a high hand. What is most interesting, in the cities of the east the church set up institutions of charity, "buildings for the reception of strangers, alms-houses for the poor, hospitals and orphan-houses for the sick and forsaken, and houses of refuge for the support of helpless old men and women."

The final establishment of the Church on the plan of the Roman empire, and the consolidation of the bishoprics of the west under the leadership of the See of Rome, while it gave the most efficient religious organization ever seen, marked the utmost deviation in constitution, in doctrine, in ritual and in ideals, from the simplicity of the primitive church as established by the Master. Jesus had seen something of the Roman system, and he registered his detestation of it as a model of church organization in the memorable words: "Ye know that they who are accounted to rule over the nations lord it over them, and their great men exercise a strict authority over them. But it is not so among you; whoever desireth to become great among you will be your servant." This pointed direction went for nothing in the establishment of the hierarchy, as did the gospel teaching generally in the formation of creed and ritual. Instead of a democratic assembly over which there was no official authority, and only such right to command as came from recognized worth, there was set up a spiritual despotism completely organized after the fashion of the civic machinery. For all purposes except contributing money and obeying orders, the officials constituted the church. They decided how worship should be conducted, how the creed should read, laid on the penances, levied the taxes, administered absolution. This was perhaps the only way to proceed when whole tribes of half-civilized people came swarming into the church; but, unfortunately, the fixedness of the system tended to fixedness in the status of the people. From being a necessity to have them in subjection it came to be a convenience. Hence from the middle of the fourth century to the middle of the sixteenth the purpose and work of the Church were of a very mixed character. In certain ways both the Greek and Roman churches during the long period of their unquestioned domination rendered the world a substantial service: they preserved through ages of decadence the learning of the classic period which else might have been irretrievably lost; they helped in a manner to hold society together through those 1,200 years; the humbler priests at any rate did a great deal of self-sacrificing work for the poor and suffering. The right of asylum in the sacred places was a great practical beneficence in the days when legal process was often dispensed with, or was all too summary. It gave the anger of the enraged pursuer time to subside, afforded the accused opportunity to establish his innocence or to make amends for his fault, and anyhow improved the chances of justice. The Roman church developed at length some great painters, musicians, and architects, whose achievements are still the admiration of mankind. The builded temples that have come down from the mid-centuries of that domination, partially in ruins as they are, are so many silent but forceful protests against our reference to those centuries as "the dark ages,"

"For out of Thought's interior sphere
Those wonders rose to upper air."

Still, while we marvel and admire, we cannot but feel that the toilers whose handiwork entrances us were themselves fascinated by a phantom, and so only succeeded in wedding beauty to a temporary utility. The cathedrals in their lonely grandeur are mostly in the hands of people who have little or no use for them.

The development of theology from New Testament down to recent times seems to have been mostly on mistaken lines, showing ever a preference for inscrutable indeterminate problems. Fast bound by the illusion of an infallible revelation made once for all, the choice has been between strangling a new truth at birth and fraudulently dressing it up in old scriptual formulæ to make it pass for the legitimate offspring

of the one divine disclosure. Either course has been bad for Christian morals. The work of the church, from being, as set forth by the word and example of the Master, primarily for human weal in this present world, came to consist mainly in celebrating with utmost pomp and magnificance the worship of God, the worshipers hoping to win from Heaven by this circuitous process certain blessings for themselves. But the good to be thus secured had little in it of a sublunary nature; it pertained mainly to the other world. Religion concerned itself only very indifferently with affairs here below; its main concern was escaping a future hell and winning a future heaven. Hence it too often exhibited under the Christian name the worst vice of paganism—a divorce of piety from morality. This appeared in the lives of some of the popes, and so it is no wonder that it was seen in the peasants. The baneful legacy was passed on into Protestantism, for Protestants have perpetuated the same theories of the service of God being before the service of man, something different; and have contended stoutly for the other-worldliness of religion. The chief aim of the Church of all orders having any numerical importance for fifteen hundred years has been the saving of human souls from perdition in the world to come,—an aim rational enough if the theory of the other worlds on which it rests has any validity. As accessory to this main purpose the Church has undertaken with varying zeal to do three things: first and foremost, to maintain the public worship of God; secondly, to promote in some measure the morality of her membership, and to carry on works of general benevolence. If the main purpose is open to the charge of selfishness, the secondary purposes have cultivated generosity and made the Church always a famous giver. The cross is hardly more a universal symbol of hers than is the contribution-box.

The faults and follies I have noticed have every one come down into our own time; there is a religious past ever living in the present. It is the boast of not a few existing Christian churches that they perpetuate without modification the faith delivered to the saints ages ago; that they have no other ideas, no other ideals than those of the Christian Fathers and their predecessors. It is not even necessary, therefore, in the study of antiquated religious conceptions and aims to enter upon any historical inquiry whatever. Probably every theological vagary, every superstitious motive that ever controlled a mortal may be found active and dominant in the minds and hearts of living people. The Present is in a hand to hand struggle with the Past. By a reversion to conceptions which have at least a standing in the gospel, an increasing number are stoutly contending that the mission of the church is to cure the sick; others are preaching as earnestly as did Paul himself justification by faith in the efficacy of atoning blood; others again are repeating a far echo of the philosophic mysticism by which Jesus was exalted to the godhead. Still the old delusion of the guilt of error is hugged to the pious breast, and to multitudes the great goal to be attained is uniformity of belief and of worship, an end which they blindly hope to further by systematic disfellowship of all nonconformists. Through insistence upon one and another of these antiquated fallacies the sorry spectacle is kept up of a piety which has no necessary affiliation with morality—a service of God without obligation of kindness to his creatures. Just while I am writing there comes to my knowledge a melancholy illustration of its truth. A clergyman holding a most prominent position in my city, sporting week before last out in the interior of the State, took occasion, as he piously relates, to administer some holy sacraments, say some prayers, christen some babies out there. On the way back to a railroad station, he, "for pastime," as he says, tried to see how many meadow-larks he could kill in driving a distance of 30 miles. What the slaughter was I do not know. Doubtless many were wounded and crept away to die; the number "bagged" and borne to the station as trophies was 22. This is bad enough; but what is more deplorable, even after this valiant hunter had been arrested by the sheriff, brought before a judge and fined $110 for violating the law of the State, he gives out to reporters and writes for his parish paper a perfectly flippant account of his doings, showing not the slightest sense of having committed any impropriety, and only regretting the personal inconvenience to which he had been subjected! An ecclesiastical slayer of song-birds for pastime is a sorry incursion of the Past into the Present.

The Worst School in All London.

Five centuries ago the part of East London which lies beyond Seven Dials and White Chapel was a marshy plain through which ran the Canterbury road past the Tabard inn, where bands of pilgrims to the shrine of Thomas à Becket paused to refresh themselves after the day's journey. It was a wayside meeting place, where every man brought a tale to tell as he sat by the blazing logs or leaned over the wooden cups of old English ale. Here the king came from the tournament, the knight and lady rode from the chase, the mendicant friar sang songs other than the service he so sweetly intoned, and the soldier of fortune related his adventures in foreign wars. Here old Father Chaucer came, and saw so much humor and pathos and humanity and poetry in the crowds that passed on to Canterbury that a hundred scenes of that stirring and gayly appareled time have been preserved for us in "The Canterbury Tales."

And so the place remained, until, in the sixteenth century, King Henry VIII. destroyed the shrine and scattered the bones of St. Thomas of London. Then the Tabard inn fell into sad fortunes, for companies of rich pilgrims came to it no more. But something of the glory clings to the region yet. The Tabard inn, where the tales were told, is indeed gone, but the Tabard road still leads to Canterbury, and the memory of Father Chaucer is preserved in "the worst school in London." If the father of English literature could return, he would see pathos and humanity and a sad kind of poetry—yes, and now and then a little humor of a grim sort—in the crowds of dirty, hungry, vicious, joyless young pilgrims that go up the Tabard road to the Chaucer school.

The school stands in the very midst of the worst slum in London, a clean-cut, well-lighted, roomy building, with a big, sunny playground. All around it are public houses and tall, rotten tenements and filthy alleys swarming with the dregs of humanity. From attics and cellars, doorways, stairs, gutters, dry goods boxes, fish stalls and coster carts, where they have slept as much as they may, sixteen hundred children go unwashed, unfed, half-clothed in dirty rags to the Chaucer school. They are often too hungry to study, too sleepy to play, too cold to do anything but huddle about the steam pipes, too depraved by abuse and evil surroundings to trust the patient and devoted teachers.

The principal, or "headmaster," as he is called, is a short, thick-set man, with a stubby beard, who has won the admiration of the neighborhood by being able to whip any bully in the district, and by diving, wrestling, and playing cricket better than the upper class boys. He says that the Chaucer school fully deserves its reputation as the worst school in London, though Whitechapel and Deptford run it pretty close. There is often but one pair of shoes for a family of three or more children, and they must take turns going to school. The children are roused from sleep at

three o'clock in the morning to load coster carts, the father, and perhaps the mother also, sleeping off the effects of drink.

The children grow old early, and there is little difference—even in size—between those of ten and sixteen. Scarcely one out of the sixteen hundred has a whole clean garment that was made for him. All are grimy of face, tousled of hair, innocent of collar or stockings, their toes, caked with dirt and blue with bruises, sticking out of broken shoes. They have actually to be taught how to play and even to speak English intelligibly. They learn arithmetic easily, for they have haggled and bargained over farthings from infancy.

The teachers try to appeal to the children's pride. There is a swimming bath, in which they like to dive, but in which they have to be taught how to bathe. Elections are held and candidates for school office have to be on their good behavior both in and out of school. For a long time the Chaucer school went along quietly. Then a teacher—a lady—was compelled to whip a particularly bad girl.

The mother "laid" for the teacher after school. She was a big, fat, half-drunken giant, and she promptly blacked the eyes and pulled out the hair of the teacher. The woman was arrested for assault, and the magistrate, who had never been in Tabard street, and would not dare go there without police escort, said that children ought not to be punished in school, and only "sweet moral suasion" should be used to get them to be good. The headmaster invited the magistrate to come down and try his moral suasion, but to be sure to bring a squad of policemen with him to enforce it.

When Mr. Shovelier, the headmaster, first went to the district he was jeered by a crowd of boys. He walked through the crowd, clearing a way with his fists, and from that day to this has been greeted with friendly nods. Teachers have to be paid extra salary to induce them to go to the Chaucer school. Women are employed only in the infant grades, all over ten years being unamanageable except by men strong enough to whip them. The teachers come and go in a body, not caring to venture alone into that crowded labyrinth of filthy alleys.—*The Little Chronicle.*

Sea Flowers.

Far down beneath the waters at my feet
I guess the efflorescence of the seas,
The floating weeds hint of it to my eyes,
Their coral branches tell of spreading trees.

In those dim gardens of the deep I dream
Of white anemones shaped like a star,
Held lichen-like upon some mouldering hulk,
Clinging forever to some mast or spar.

And in far deeper depths I know there lie
Flowers phosphorescent of such brilliant hues
That naught above the water can compare
With their bold splendor for sweet beauty's use.

Upon its lowest floor I think there grow
Myriads of shell-like flowers dainty as dreams,
And urn-like lilies of stalactites stand
Royal and white, but lit with silvery gleams.

Crystals there must be of all flower-like shapes,
And gems that glow like flakes of fiercest fire,
And cliffs of rosy corals, in whose shade
Disporting Naiads have their hearts' desire.

Columbus, Wis. HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Series.—Citizenship and the Duties of a Citizen.

BY W. L. SHELDON.
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

II.

CONTRASTS BETWEEN BEING A CITIZEN AND BEING A MEMBER OF A HOME OR OF A FAMILY.

Classic for Recitation.

"Kindly separated by nature and a wide ocean from the exterminating havoc of one quarter of the globe; too high-minded to endure the degradation of the others, possessing a chosen country, with room enough for our descendants to the thousandth and thousandth generation, entertaining a due sense of our equal right to the use of our own faculties, to the acquisition of our own industry, to honor and confidence from our fellow-citizens, resulting not from birth, but from our actions and their sense of them, enlightened by a benign religion, professed in deed and practised in various forms, yet all of them inculcating honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude, and the love of man, acknowledging and adoring an overruling Providence, which, by all its dispensations, proves that it delights in the happiness of man here, and his greater happiness hereafter; with all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and prosperous people? Still one thing more, fellow-citizens, a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government; and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities."—Inaugural Address—Thomas Jefferson.

Dialogue.

Now what does it mean to be a citizen? Suppose we come to this point at once. Is it just the same thing as being a member of a home? "No, not quite."

Is it something less or something more, do you think? "Why," you exclaim, "it must be something more." If so, can you suggest where the difference lies?

Are you under the same sort of control as citizens, that you are under when children as members of a family? "No," you insist, "as citizens we are free men and free women; we are not under the authority of any one human being, obliging us to do anything he may command us to do in our lives as citizens; there is no one acting toward us just like father and mother."

Yes; I agree with you there; citizenship means freedom from the absolute authority of any other one man or woman. But are you sure that you would be quite free if you came into the world as a citizen?

Suppose you break one of the laws, what may happen to you? "Then," you answer, "one may be arrested, put in prison, or punished in some way."

You feel, do you, that even as a citizen you cannot quite do as you please. There is something you must obey, although it is not the will of one human being. What is it, then, that you must give in to and obey? "The law?"

Yes, but the law of what? "Oh, we must obey the law of the state or of the country to which we belong; we must obey the *law*, although we cannot be compelled to obey the will of some one person."

If so, I ask you again, in obeying the law, whom or what are you submitting to; where did the laws come from, that we are usually supposed to obey as citizens of a country?—who makes the laws? "Why, the legislatures," you say, "or Congress." True, but

who chooses Congress or the legislatures? "Oh, the people."

You assert then, that it is we, the people, who make the laws, and that it is the will of ourselves as a living people that we obey?

Is that all? I ask. Think a moment. Have all the laws that we must obey been made by people who are now alive, or by people who were chosen by those who are now alive? Were they all made since you or I or our fathers and mothers have been alive?

Do you know when the Constitution of the United States was made? If not, suppose you find out about this and let me know next time. But I can tell you now that the Constitution was made many, many years ago, long before you and I were born.

I ask again, who made it? "Oh, the forefathers." Yes; that is true. You assume, then, that we are to some extent obeying the wills of the forefathers as well as ourselves, the people who are alive today?

Now think about that. "After all," you continue, "we are not quite sure that this is the case." Why not? "Because," you point out, "we can change the Constitution; if then we do not change it, in a sense it is the same as if we accepted it, and therefore it is as if in a way we had made it ourselves; hence, in obeying it, somehow it is as if we were obeying the will of ourselves as a people."

Yes; I agree with you in part. But wait a little. Can we change the Constitution of our country just by a majority vote? Do you think that if a majority of the people wanted to change the Constitution, they could do it?

No, it takes more votes than a majority to change a Constitution. Our forefathers fixed a way by which the Constitution could be altered, and they decided as to what should be required before this could be done.

Then does it not seem as if we were still, in a way, obeying the wills of our forefathers as well as the laws of the people who are alive at the present time?

"It is not quite the same, however," you insist, "because we cannot, strictly speaking, be subject to the will of a person who is no longer here. He cannot issue commands or enact rules for us." Yes, that is true.

It looks, therefore, as if we were really free from the authority of the founders of our country, for example, and as if we were no longer subject to them in any way. "Nevertheless," you add, "as citizens, we are still subject to their influence; we are under the control of the system they have established until it has been changed; and it can only be changed according to the rules they laid down."

The point is a good one and should be remembered. After all, we are under the *influence*, or even, as it were, under partial control of the citizens in former times, long after they have passed away.

Is there anything else besides all this which makes the city or the state or the nation to which we belong, unlike the life of the home or the family? What, for instance, do men have to do as citizens that they do not do in the home? "Vote?" True; there is no voting, as a rule, done in the home. Father and mother are the authority there.

In what way, then, does the *government* in a city or state or nation, differ from the government in a home? You have said that we still have to obey, although in a different manner.

"Why," you explain, "as citizens we have officers *chosen by ourselves*, such as Mayors, Governors, Congressmen, and a President."

Can you think of anything further which makes the life of the citizen unlike the life of a person in the home? When you are young children, how are you supported; who is expected to provide you with house and clothing, the food that you eat, and all that you need in order to keep alive?

Do you furnish this yourselves? "No, that is given us or provided by father and mother—at least when we are quite young."

But how about the state or country where you are citizens; who provides for the life of the country? All that our government, our city or our nation does for us must cost a great deal. Who pays for it?

"Why," you explain, "the citizens pay for it." What do people have to do, then, as citizens, for their country, which you do not have to do at least as young children in your own homes? "They have to contribute toward its support, to pay taxes in one form or another."

And so in paying taxes, in having officers who are chosen by the people, in the custom of voting, and in obeying laws instead of obeying the will of a father and mother, it means something quite different to be a citizen than it does simply to be a member of a family.

Is that all? How long does a home continue? Have you ever thought of that? Could the same home exist for a hundred years? "The same house could," you suggest.

Yes; that is true, but I mean the same home, with the same people belonging to it. "No," you admit, "that could not be; because people seldom live a hundred years, and it would not be the same home if there were altogether different people in it."

You mean to say, do you, that the home you belong to, did not exist before your father and mother were born? "No, that could not have been possible; 'home' was made by father and mother." Yes; that is true, they established the home.

But how is it with the country to which you belong, or the government under which you live? Could it last a hundred years?

Was it not the same country before you were born, or before the birth of your father and mother? You hesitate? Well, I ask you, do we not speak of the United States of America and think of it as the same country it was one hundred years ago?

How about the town or city you live in? Did it not exist perhaps before you or I were born? It is the same city, is it not, and the same country? "Yes," you admit.

Then you think it can really be the same city or the same country even if the people are altogether different. I certainly agree with you. My country and my city were here before I was born.

How long do you suppose a country could live? "You do not know?" Could it live two hundred years? "Yes." Could it live a thousand years? You hesitate, I see.

Yet I think there have been countries and even cities which have lived and been practically the same city or the same country, at least for a thousand years.

Is there not something solemn and inspiring about this fact, that our country was here long before we were born; that we may belong to a city or a country which came into being a great many years ago?

Note to the Teacher: Make a good deal of this peculiar fact of the possible "perpetual life" of the state or of a government. Let the members of the class feel that it is something which they cannot *quite* understand. At the same time attach a solemn significance to it, as if there were something inspiring in this contrast between the *country* to which we belong and an ordinary *commercial institution*. Make them feel that when they say "my country," they include not only people alive today, but also a great many people who lived hundreds of years ago. Speak solemnly about the idea of one's country as being a sublime heritage which we have received from our forefathers.

Let me ask you one further question. You have said that being a citizen means obeying laws and not men—being subject to no one human being.

But has this always been the case? Do you suppose that this is true all over the world? Have men always been free citizens? What sort of a government do we live under? "A Republic?" And what does that

imply? "Oh," you tell me, "it suggests a country where the people are the rulers and choose their own officers."

Did you ever hear of a monarchy? "Yes?" And what is the chief difference between a monarchy and a republic? "Why, in a monarchy a king is at the head of the government, who was not chosen by the people, but perhaps became king because he was the son of the man who was king before him."

Did you ever hear of an absolute monarchy, and do you know what that suggests? "Not quite?" Well, I will tell you. It means a country where the people do not vote at all, or choose any of their officers, but where the king is ruler over everybody.

You think, then, do you, that being a citizen in such a country would indicate something different from being a citizen of a republic?

In the early history of the world nearly all the states or countries were ruled in that way, and there are countries in the world ruled in that way now. We see that all countries are not alike, and that being a citizen does not mean the same thing in every country.

It occurs to me, however, that we have still not mentioned one very important difference between the home and its form of government on the one hand and the state and its government on the other.

Suppose, for instance, that you had done something very, very bad, even committed a crime. Would your father or mother have a right to punish you? "Yes?" How hard could they punish you? "Why, they could punish us very severely."

But could they actually take your life; could they put you to death? "No," you assert, "no father or mother has *that* right over a child. No father or mother would want to do it, even if they had the right."

But how is it with the state and its government; does the government of our state never put people to death? "Yes," you admit. What kind of people? "Oh, people who have committed great crimes, such as murder?"

Then the state actually has the right in certain instances even over the life of its citizens. Yes; that is true.

And it is a very solemn fact. We can hardly think of anything more sacred in human affairs than life itself; and if the state has a right to take human life it must be a very high authority.

And now one last point and a very important one. In the family we are under the authority of father and mother—and for how long? I ask you. "Why, until one is grown up?"

"A person is entitled to a certain release from the authority of home after he is a grown-up citizen," you say. But is this true as regards the authority of the state? "Oh, no, of course not."

I wonder, then, if you can think of the term which has been applied in former times, as describing the relationship between the citizen and his state or government. It was once used to define the position of a citizen toward the ruler, the king or the emperor. What was it, do you suppose? "Servant or slave," you suggest.

No; not quite so severe a term as that. It was applied to all citizens of every grade; but it began with the letter S just the same. "Subjects." Yes; now you have guessed it.

In the old days people were called the "subjects" of their king, meaning by that that they were subject to his authority. And has this changed, would you say, since we have had a republican form of government, where we do not have any kings or emperors?

"It has changed," you point out, "in so far as the relationship to a *person* is concerned, but not as concerning our relationship to the state or government in itself; we are under its authority just the same."

What, then, are we to the state or government to which we belong, besides being free citizens? "We are the subjects of the state," you answer.

Points of the Lesson.

Being a citizen implies among other things:

I. Belonging to a country which could have existed hundreds of years before we were born.

II. Voting and having a government where the officers are chosen by ourselves.

III. Obeying laws rather than the will of one person.

IV. Contributing towards the support or sustenance of the state.

V. Regarding one's self as a subject of the state.

VI. Most of all, recognizing that under certain circumstances the state has a right even over the lives of its citizens.

Memory Gem.

"Not that I love Cæsar less, but that I love Rome more."—Shakespeare.

Poem.

"When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air."
—Joseph Rodman Drake.

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS TO THE TEACHER.—By way of pictorial illustration, we might put before the members of the class a home scene, a group of young people gathered around the table in the living room with father and mother; and then over against this, a picture of a legislative assembly, as, for instance, one of the Houses of Parliament in session in London, or a picture of the House of Representatives at work in Washington. For biography or story, we could give a sketch of Regulus of Rome, if the theme is not too trite. As to the points brought out in the lesson, the number could be enlarged to a considerable extent if desired. The order in which they come is not of much importance. It were better always, of course, if they are suggested by the pupils themselves. But it would be better not to go into details, because an analysis of a number of these points will follow in future lessons. The poem by Drake would be somewhat long for recitation, but parts of it might be selected for this purpose.

Emerson's Faith.

From a Private Letter

While the "Emerson Centennial" is running in UNITY ought not notice be taken of Dr. Nicoll's article in *The N. A. Review*, which *The Literary Digest* treats and largely quotes under the caption, "An English View of Emerson's Religion"? While we ought perhaps to be thankful for so much honor to *our* Prophet from an evangelical source,—and certainly do hail it with joy as a sign of the times and of the coming unity in religious faith,—might it not further promote that unity to point out one error?

How it is possible for a man of intelligence fine enough to appreciate Emerson at all, and of *common* honesty enough to have read him somewhat extensively before undertaking a critical review of his faith, to represent that faith as unequal to dealing with "sin, sorrow and death," especially death, and gain or give the impression that the man himself met these despairingly or without the sublimest consolation, is to me—just a part of the great mystery of intellectual legerdemain.

Think of reading "Threnody" alone and then saying: "He never forgot the loss of his little son, and almost his last words were, 'Oh, that beautiul boy,'" in evidence of the inadequacy of his faith, compared with the evangelical, to cope with sorrow and death!

One might cite scripture upon scripture from this prophet of the soul, showing not only the power of his faith, but its substantial unity with that which comforts and sustains every truly religious soul under all bereavements.

Emerson himself writes in his essay on "Experience":—"In the death of my son, now more than two years ago, I seem to have lost a beautiful estate,—no more."—*Editor.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

MONTCLAIR, N. J., UNITY CHURCH.—Rev. Leslie Willis Sprague, pastor. At a meeting held June 26, Unity Church adopted plans for a new chapel and instructed the trustees to proceed to build. Ten thousand six hundred dollars have already been subscribed for a building and lot to cost about $12,000. Mr. Sprague has been called for another year, with freedom to continue studies at Columbia University, and to lecture for the American University Extension Society. On June 23 Mr. Sprague gave an address at the commencement of the Theological School of St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y., and in recognition of the advanced work which he has done at Chicago, Stanford and Columbia Universities, as well as a reading course assigned by the St. Lawrence faculty, was given the degree of B. D.

Correspondence.

EDITOR UNITY: I wish to express my disapproval of Mr. Sheldon's second "note to the teacher" in the Sunday-school lesson on "Citizenship and the Duties of a Citizen" July 9. He says "avoid the subject of slavery." That may be necessary in Missouri, but in the state of Lovejoy and Lincoln, "with malice toward none, with charity for all," let our children be told the truth about slavery. SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

Chicago, July 12, 1903.

Foreign Notes.

DIFFICULTIES OF A TEACHER IN THE SECULAR SCHOOLS.

The following letter, not written for publication, appears in the bulletin of the *Union pour l'Action Morael.* While among us this educational problem is not so universally complicated as in France, there are teachers in certain quarters of our large cities who can unquestionably appreciate from personal experience the difficulties and questionings of the writer.

"You talk to me, Mademoiselle, of the necessity of teachers of children having an ideal. Yes, she who should conduct her classes merely to earn her salary, in fear of the inspection, or in the hope of some distinction, would be dangerous among children, for that spirit is as catching as scarlet fever. But she who has an ideal, what use ought she to make of it? That is what I have been asking myself these twenty years.

"I found very simple, at first, the principles of 1882. Neutrality, that is fine, that is respect for conscience, tolerance, delicacy, uprightness; that ought to be as easy as simple honesty! . . . Very well, just try it in practice.

"Certainly, I can condemn lying or ingratitude without making it a matter of the Decalogue, but be neutral, then, in speaking of toleration; explain Gergovia, Zülpich, the second crusade, the edict of Nantes or the oath of the tennis-court without clashing with one or more beliefs. The teacher must prepare the lessons beforehand and weigh his words, I am told. Let him who has never gone to rest without preparing for his class cast the first stone at me. Then there are the children's questions; not everyone has the presence of mind to be cautious when answer off-hand. For instance, last week something we were reading led us to speak of the virtue attributed to the mistletoe. . . . 'They were silly!' said one of the little girls, without the least respect for her ancestors. 'Let us not be in too much haste to condemn them,' said I; 'we are still very much like them; the branches you will see blessed a week from now are an imitation of the mistletoe of the druids.' 'But,' said another, 'we do not believe that they will cure people.' 'No, but last August during a thunderstorm I saw an old lady who at every clap of thunder burned a leaf of boxwood that had been blessed.' 'What did she do that for?' 'To stop the thunder.' 'Did it stop it?' 'No, that is what we call a superstition; in other words, an unreasonable religious belief.'

"I had answered according to my conscience; I had claimed indulgence, if not respect, for beliefs that one does not share; I had, without animosity, criticised a superstition; I had not departed from my beautiful program of 1882. But I had, nevertheless, attacked a tradition of the Catholic worship by putting it on the same footing with a druidic ceremony; this was to deny, by implication, the infallibility of the Church; I had, in fact, not been neutral.

"Can one be? I do not think so. Ought one to be? I do not know.

"It is eminently proper, the right of the parent to choose the moral nurture of his children, but I am charged with nourishing these young souls several hours each day. What ought I to give them? Suppose that a child who dines at the canteen brings for drink alcohol or absinthe; shall I be blamed if I take it away from him and give him something more hygienic? So, if I see cropping out in the answers of a child some opinion that seems to me faulty, have I not the right and the duty to substitute for it, if I can, the principle which I believe to be better, that is, my own?

"What think you?

"For my part, I believe it is inevitable that we should be somewhat the apostles of our personal convictions. For that reason I would fain believe that the country and the family are agreed in confiding to me this fresh young soul; for that reason I would have the parents *choose* my school, and in order that I may be able to believe they have done so I should wish that there be no monopoly in education.

"I know, indeed, that as a matter of fact that will exist in a large number of small communities; but if a thing is right, what is necessary and sufficient is that it should be done wherever it is feasible." M. E. H.

Let me but live my life from year to year,
With forward face and unreluctant soul
Not hastening to, nor turning from, the goal,
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils, but with a whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer.

So let the way wind up the hill or down,
Through rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendship, high adventure, and a crown.
I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
Because the road's last turn will be the best.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

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